MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. O. PINKEY, POSLINE

MARRIE MILL. . MISSOURI

THE master and engineer of a trading steamer on the Columbia river, Ore gon, are husband and wife

WILLIAM E. SLOAT of Pockskill, N. Y., has received a pension on a ch that was filled eighteen years ago.

A PENNSYLVANIA coal miner died of destitution the other day. Nothing was found on the body but a campaign promise of better times.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW is said to have received an invitation from nearly every state in the union to deliver Fourth of July oration.

Ex-Gov. Open Bowie of Maryland has been granted a pension of \$8 a month. He is a veteran of the Mexican war and was at the battle of Monterey.

... DEON L. PRASE, of East Wilton Me., who was a sergeant in the Black liawk war, is thought to be the only living United States soldier of that

ONE alligator hunter brought to Arcadia, Fla., the other day over one hundred alligator skins, all of which were between five and twelve feet in length. A COTTAGE window on the grounds

of a mining company near Kingston, Col., displays this inscription: "Want ed-a wife. Apply within; nobody barred." A PROMINENT German manufacturer

has just been sent to prison for two years and a half for speaking disrespectfully of the Dowager Empress Augusta.

WHENEVER a friend of W. D. Howells marries the novelist always sends as a wedding present a copy of "Their Wedding Journey" bound in white velvet.

A NUMBER of young women in Cushbert. Ga., have organized an anti-kissing society. Those who have seen the members say that such a precaution was not necessary.

THERE is a house a Sttillwater, Minn. which has the reputation of being haunted, because the outlines of a severed human hand are often seeu upon the windows.

ALLA CONNER, a little girl of nine years, at Lititz, Pa., has been sneezing for more than a week at intervals of a few seconds, except when asleep. The doctor calls it nervous prostration.

PRINCE BISMARCK is said to take more pleasure in recounting the duelling and drinking feats of his student days than in relating any of his later triumphs in the field of statesmanship.

Is John Sherman waiting to see what '92 may have in store for him? Conversing with a friend recently on religious matters he said: "I believe in God, the Almighty. That is as far as I have got."

WILLIAM J. HILTON, a wealthy and placed a nail keg containing \$30,000 in greenbacks and 4 per cent. Government bonds upon a fire a few days ago, and laughed joyfully as he saw the flames devour the paper. Family troubles and business cares has turned

SENATOR EVARTS looks thinner than ever this summer and all his efforts to raise fat are as melancholy failures as they have been in other years. But he walks up Broadway with a lively stride, his genial smile is always ready to suffuse his distinguished features his pate is not yet bald, and he retains the convivial spirit of the old times. Mr. Evarts is 72 years old.

THE effect of the London book sales during last year is to show that books, under certain conditions, are a profitable investment. The early edition of Pickwick brought double the original prices. The first Ruskins, or Sir Richard Burtons, the early edition of Swinburne and Browning all sell well. Investments in very high-priced books, such as the Caxtons, have been profitable in a proportionate degree.

A BREATHING well has been discov ered near E gle Flat station, 110 miles east of El Paso, Texas. It is an abandoned artesian well, 800 feet deep, but the tubing is still intact in it. For twelve hours each day a furious gust of air rushes into the tubing, and the next twelve hours an equally strong gust rushes out. This occurs with the utmost regularity, and, so far, no break has been noticed in the regular occur-

GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS, register of the United States treasury, has a peculiar one-sided expression of face which has a history to it. Few people know that Gen. Rosecrans was the first man who ever refined petroleum. He experimented with it forty years ago. People said he was a fool, but he went on with his experiments. Presently, as though to prove what they said, his petroleum blew up and burned his face in a serious way. He has suffered from that injury ever since.

Trans is a remerkable specimen of deformed humanity at Earsdise, is northern part of Clay county, Miss His name is Joseph Josep. He we soo pounds, has no hands, fost, o

a struggling was a struggling to steady his gait
'Neath the terrible weight
'Neath the dreadfully cumbersom'

What a marrow escape for that swain! Had she recognized him he would fain liave lifted his hat. But how could he do that And carry his cumbersome cane?

A STRANGE LOVER.

CHAPTER III-CONTINUED.

"FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

As far as those at home were concerned, she saw that no help would be received from her, especially after they saw the man she had so rashly espoused. She had "picked up" a husband; that is the phrase that most forcibly describes what she had done. She saw that her mother's sense of womanly delicacy had been outraged, and that Mary was inexpressibly pained, and what was more poignant still, she began to see that it was possible she had made a terrible mistake.

Of the man she had married she knew little more than she had declared. It was a chance meeting, that led up to a union 'over which dark shadows were already gathering on her wedding day. She had tied herself to this stranger for life, and she knew nothing of his disposition. He might be a fiend in disguise, who would rule her with tyranny and savage ill-temper, who would even grudge her the missachle gold for which "FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

and savage ill-temper, who would even grudge her the miserable gold for which she had given up her freedom! A sick-ening dread made her wish that she could throw off the fetters that bound her to him, and take back her empty

But little more was said before five o'clock, and punctual to the appointed time there was a knock at the door. The mother and two daughters had been almost silent during the last half-hour. "I had better let him in," said Aurelia. "I feel it my duty to prepare him for the cold reception you propose

give him."
"You have failed to understand me, Aurelia," Mrs. Bevan said; but Aurelia, with an angry light in her eyes, hastened

The sound of a voice, not absolutely The sound of a veice, not absolutely coarse, but far from being refined, gave Mrs. Bevan and Mary a first and fatal impression of Bowley Marsh, and it was not in any way removed by his appearance as he entered the room.

He was not a plain man. In face and

figure he was all that could be desired in a picture; but in life there was some-

Awkwardness was not one of his fail-

ings. He was quite at his ease, but his ease was not that of the gentleman. His manner towards Mrs. Bevan was

very warm, bordering on gushing.

Mary gave him a quiet, but not frigid reception. She looked straight into his eyes, and decided that they were handsome, but dangerous; under certain circumstances she was sure that he could be cruel. be cruel.

He greeted Aurelia with an air of



It was a strange quartette that sat down to five o'clock tea in the shabby Bowley Marsh towered up large ing back in his chair and swelling himself out, like a man who has a good idea of his importance.

His principal talk was of money. Money, in his opinion, meant power.
"If you've got that, mother," he said
to Mrs. Bevan. "you stand fair and
square on your feet. If you are without it, why you are as good as down, and everybody will tread on you."

home, I do. It seems as if I had known you for years; and I hope we shall be friends too, Mary."
"I hope so," said Mary faintly.

Then he went into a long talk about what he would do for Aurelia—"his Aurey." as he called her. He proposed to go to Paris for a fortnight, and then come back to look for a place for them

come back to look for a place for them to live in.

"She shall have a decent crib," he said with a low laugh, "as good as one as MY money can get for her."

Aurelia sat almost silent while he talked, and it was difficult to tell what she thought of her self-assertive husband. No mere spectator could have been more impressive. Whether she was ashamed of him or not, she did not intend to show her friends. She had

was ashamed of him or not, she did not intend to show her friends. She had chosen him—he was her husband, and there was no going back; she wished her mother to understand that she was prepared to meet her lot, whatever it might be.

Mary was absent from the room at intervals to see her father, who was awake. He could hear the loud voice of the bridegroom, and he asked Mary who it was.

it was.

"It is a stranger below," Mary said.
Audrey Bevan betrayed no more curlosity on the subject. He was in the
dim, dreamy contentment of the convalencent, and at present all mundane
matters lay as light as a feather upon

An inducement to feel at rest was given to him by Doctor Gray. In the course of a conversation on the previous day, Audrey Bevan had casually spoten of his having, at one time,

in we can pay you a hundred a year. It is not much, but it is better than noth-

They arranged to keep it a secret, as "surprise for the girls by-and-by." he hundred a year was just twenty ounds more per annum than Audrey leven had been in receipt of from titchman, the tailor. It was quite an

dvance in his prospects. So it chanced that he was in the frame of mind to pay little heed to the noisy brangart below, and when Aurelia came in to see him he did not refer to the mat-

"I see very little of you lately urey," he said. "Where are you all

Aurey," he said. "Where day?"
"I am doing something for your good,
I hope," she replied. "Do not be anxious about the. I shall be glad to tell you all about it by and-by."
He was content; and when she had you away, his thoughts when away, his thoughts are from a way. He was content; and when she had kissed him and gone away, his thoughts went back into the pleasant train from which they had been aroused by her



Aurelia went back into her old roo to take leave of it. Mary was there, silently weeping by the window. "What a silly child you are," Aurelia

said. "Tears are surely out of place. Have I not done well—for myself—it not for you?"
Mary fell upon her neck, and clung there, shaking with the strength of her

emotion,
"Oh, Aurey, I am so sorry for you "Oh, Aurey, I am so sorry for you! How could you marry him?"
"He is a rough jewel," Aurelia replied: "and I shall have some trouble in polishing him, but it will be done. You shall see the change in him. He loves me very dearly."

"Aurelia," said Mary, lifting her head, and looking pitifully into her sister's eyes, "are you sure of that?"

"Of course I am," replied Aurelia, with a smile of conscious power. "If he did not, would be have made me the offer. Would he have married me?"
"I don't know," Mary answered wear-

"I don't know," Mary answered me?"
"I don't know," Mary answered wearily. "It may be unkind to talk to you
as I do, especially on such a day as this,
which is so often spoken of as the most
joyous day of a life; but I do not like
your husband, Aurey,"
"It could hardly be expected. You
have only seen him within the last hour

in a picture; but in life there was something lacking, that made him repellant to such sensitive, observant women as Mrs. Bevan and Mary.

He wors too much jewelry, but not sufficient to give him the appearance of a hopeless vulgarian. His clothes were good, and fitted him; but for all that he looked like a man in somebody else's he looked like a man in somebody else's he looked like a man in somebody else's looked son to fear being found out."
"Idle rubbish!" said Aurelia tartly

"Your nerves have been unstrung by want of sleep, and the miserable life you lead makes you morbid. I tell you that I have seen certain evidence of his great wealth, and if he does not love, why does he make me his wife?"
"I don't know," said Mary hopelessly,
"I only feel it, but I can give no ex-

"As for marrying a vulgarian." pur sued Aurelia, "is it not done every day

mingled patronage and pride, evidently congratulating himself upon his choice; and the girl looked unusually beautiful, a slight flush on heacheeks and her dark grey eyes glowing with the tumult of triumph and doubt.

sied Aurelia, "is it not done every day by better people than we are, and by those who have not a hundredth part of the pressure that has been put upon us? We must all marry for something—some for triumph and doubt.

We must all marry for something—some for title and position."

"Heaven bless you, Aurey," said Marry kissing her ressions ally "Those Mary, kissing her passionately. "I hope

you will forgive me. I did not mean to speak to you as I have done to day, but my heart is very full indeed. You will write to me, Auray?"

"Of course I will, you little goose."
"Every day, if only a word; and you will let us know if you have any trouble—." Aurelia felt chilled by a strange presentiment as those words left her sister's lips, but she said, as carelessly as she

"What trouble can I have, unless it arises from thinking of you at home?"
"Do not think of us," Mary said, "Life
with us seems to be growing bright-

"How-and where?" asked Aurelia. "I don't know; I tell you that I only fell these things. But I won't say any more. Good-bye—dear, dear Aurey! In spite of all our troubles, we have been very happy together."
"Happy in ourselves," said Aurelia, grimly; "but not in our surroundings.

I have never made a secret of my life being embittered by thoughts of what

bye—good-bye!"
They embraced and parted then.
Aurelia went downstairs, and then
taking leave of her mother occupied but a minute. Aurelia's box Mary had packed, and the bridegroom carried it to the corner of the street and hailed a

He suggested doing it, so as not to disturb Audrey Bevan; and Aurelia speedily joining him, they were driven away. A strange beginning to a honey-moon, following a strange wooing and

marriage.

Aurelia dropped her veil over her face as the cab moved on.

"Oh! don't hide your pretty face from me," pleaded her husband.

She started, as he put the veil back and kissed her.
"I want to think," she answered.

"I want to think," she answered.
"Think of what?"
"Something Mary said to me."
"May I know what it is?" he asked.
"Tell me," said Aurelia, fixing her eyes upon him searchingly, "have you deceived me in any way? You profess to have told me all of your life. Mary says you look like a man who has a secret to keep from the eyes of the world. Is there anything you have concealed from me?"

A deadly pallor everspread his face, but he kept his eyes on hers as he slowly replied—
"I have nothing more to tell; and your sister Mary is a miserable little fool! I see that I shan't get on with your family, and the less I have to do with them the batter I shall like it."
"Mary is right," thought Aurelia, with a sisking heart, as she turned from him; "there is something in this man's life that he fears to tell me of. What can it he."

TO BE CONTINUED

OUR PRESIDENTS.

Interesting History of Their Educational Days.

Where They West to School and the Kind of Scholars They Were -An Interesting Article.

Washington's early education exte washington's early education extend-ed only to the elementary English branches and the higher mathematics, of which he was very fond. He was not especially studious, but excelled in feats of agility and strength, and was fond of military exercises. He fol-lowed the calling of a surveyor from sixteen until nineteen, when he entered the military saving. the military service.

the military service.

John Adams enjoyad the best facilities of his day for education, griduating from Harvard College at nineteen. He then engaged in teaching, and at the same time studied law. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-three, and his success was soon made certain by the signal ability which he displayed.

Thomas Jefferson entered an elementary school at five years of age, and began the study of Latin, Groek and French at nine. At seventeen he entered William and Mary College, where he remained two years only. After

tered William and Mary College, where he remained two years only. After leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-four.

James Madison's early life was a constant struggle with ill health, which seriously interfered with his desire to gain an education. He nevertheless graduated from Princeton College at twenty-one, after which he studied law. He was devoted to mental improvement, was a thorough Bible student, and of a religious turn of mind.

James Monroe entered William and

James Monroe entered William and Mary College at sixteen, but left it at where he soon rose to the rank of col-onel. Leaving the army, he studied law, and was elected to the Legislature when only twenty-three years of

John Quincy Adams' education was conducted in good measure abroad, dur-ing his father's residence in Paris, Ley-den, Amsterdam and other European den, Amsterdam and other European cities. At fourteen he was private secretary to the United States minister to Russia, Returning home, he graduated from Harvard College at twentyone. He then studied law and practiced it in Boston.

Andrew Jackson studied literature

and the dead languages at Waxham Academy. At eighteen he abandoned the idea of entering the ministry, for which he was intended by his mother, and studied law. He was admitted to and studied law. He was admitted to
the bar at nineteen, and chosen representative to Congress at twenty-one.

Martin Van Buren received a good
academic education, and early showed
great mental vigor and quickness of
comprehension. He was especially
fond of composition and public speaking. He began the study of law at
fourteen, and was admitted to the bar
at twenty-one.

william Henry Harrison was edu-cated at Hampten Sidney College, and afterwards began the study of medicine.

He was diverted from this to join the army, serving against the savages on the western frontier.

John Tyler was a brilliant student, and graduated at William and Mary College at seventeen, with the reputation of having delivered the best commencement confidence to the state of the service mencement oration ever heard by the faculty. He then read law and began to practice it at nineseen, meeting with

unusual success, James K. Polk, though reared on a James R. Poik, inough reared on a back woods farm, at an early age mani-fested decided literary tastes. His father desired him to be a merchant, but finally consented to his entering the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated with the highest honors at twenty-three. He they studhonors at twenty-three. He then studied law, and began practice at Colum-

Zachary Taylor's boyhood was spent in a wilderness, surrounded by hostile Indians, and with decidedly limited edu-cational advantages. He early entered the army, and was commissioned lieu-

enant at twenty-four.
Millard Fillmore's father was a poor Millard Fillmore's father was a poor farmer unable to educate him. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a clothier, but found time to gratify his thirst for knowledge by spending his evenings in reading and study. His studious habits attracted the attention of a neighborhood lawyer, who assisted him to study law and general literature. At twenty-three he was admitted to the bar and rose rapidly in distinction.

and rose rapidly in distinction.

Franklin Pierce graduated at Bowdoin College at sixteen, being a class-mate of Hawthorne. He was a tolerable scholar only. After leaving college he studied law, and was soon sent to the legislature.

James Buchanan graduated from He was

James Buchanan graduated from Dickinson College at eighteen. He was a good student. His tastes were for logic and metaphysics. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at twenty-

Abraham Lincoln had but little school-Aranam Lincoln had out little schooling, and that of the poorest quality. He gained most of his education by his own efforts, reading and studying during his spare moments. It was not till after serving as captain in the Black Hawk War, acting as government sur-

ing ms spare moments. It was not till after serving as captain in the Black Hawk War, acting as government surveyor for several years, and serving one term in the Legislature, that he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five.

Andrew Johnson received no schooling, but was apprenticed to a tailor when he was tan years of age. He was able to read a little, but did not learn to write and cipher until after his marriage, when he was taught by his wife. In spite of these disadvantages, he early served as mayor of Greenville, N. C., and at twenty-seven was elected to a seat in the Legislature.

Ulyssas S. Grant graduated from the Military Academy at West Point at twenty-one years of age, ranking twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. He never displayed any brilliancy of intellect, but was gifted in a high degree with the genius of accomplishment.

Rutherford B. Hayes was educated in the common schools, in an academy at Norwalk, Chio, a preparatory at Middletown, Conn., and at Kenyon College, which he entered at sixteen. He excelled in logic, mental and moral philosophy, mathematics and debating. He was assigned the valedictory oration in graduating. He entered the law school at Harvard, and was graduated and admitted to the har in 1845, at twenty-three years of age.

itted to the bar at

law, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-three years of age.
Grover Cleveland was educated at a preparatory school, with the intention of entering college, but this plan was rendered impossible by the death of his father. He then studied law at Buffalo and was admitted to the bar at twenty-

Beajamin Harrises was educated at s private school near his father's home at North Bend, Ohis. At the age of fourteen he entered Farmer's College, near Cincinnati where he spent two years. He graduated from Miama Uni-versity, Ohio, in 1852, at the age of eigteen taking fourth honor in a class of sixteen. He then studied law at Cincin-nati. In Indiannuolis. Ind. he begun att.

sixteen. He then studied law at Cincinnati. In Indianapolis, Ind., he begun
the practice of law in 1854.

Of the twenty-three Presidents, twelve
received a collegiate education, although
not all took the complete course. All
but five of the number were lawyers.
Eleven were soldiers at some portion of
their lives, and the majority of these
gained the reputation which made them
presidents very largely by their military
successes.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Mrs. Magoogin Adopts the Yellow S "Get on to the shkoites, Mrs. McGlag-

gerty."
"O, begorra! but id's wearin' yally shoes ye ar', Mrs. Magoogia."
"Oy, yally shoes!" said the widow.
"It's little Oi thawt fwhin Oi left th' owld dart, twinty-noine year ago nuxt Septober, that id's wearin' yally shoes an' toyin' me hair in a fishy knot that Oi'd be afther doin' in me owld age. Oi'd be afther doin' in me owld age. Bad sesht to her manners, but it was me daughter Toozy thet pit me up to id. 'They're awful dawgy, mimmaw, sez she. 'Fwhy, fwhat d'ye mane be dawgy?' sez Oi. 'Oh, they're turrible shwell, sez she. 'An ar' they anny good fur bunions?' sez Oi. 'Shplindid, sez she. 'Thin be me sowl, aff they're that gud,' sez Oi to mesilf, sez Oi, 'this chicken'll secoor a pair ay thim an' be in the shtoyle loike uvrybody else. Dang me, Mrs. McGlaggerly, but this is the fusht toime in me loife that Oi iver gev me fut anny prominince, an' iver gev me fut anny prominince, an' Oi shuppose id's the fusht toime in histhory that the gurruls condescinded to laive the wurruld see jusht how big their bog throtters railly ar', but there's no gainsayin' id. The yal-

big their bog throtters railly ar, but there's no gainsayin' id. The yal-ly shoes are noice and comfort-able. That Tammy av moine is the rogue, though! D'ye know fwhat he sed to me this mawrnin? 'Mudder,' sez he—he always caffed me mudder since he was that hoigh, the bla'guard— 'mudder,' sez he to me, sez he, fwhin ar' ye goin' to hoire th' resht av the throupe? 'Fwhat throupe, Tanmy avoorneen' sez Oi. 'Fwhy th' theayther, to be course,' sez he. 'An' fwhat d'ye to be course, 'sez he. 'An' fwhat d'ye mane be axin' me to hoire a theayther throupe, Tammy? sez Oi. 'Fwhy, because Oi see ye're shtarrin' yer feet,' sez he, p'intin' to me yally shoes. That was very foonny now for Tammy. Don't ye think it was, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oi only wish, though, that Oi had a howlt av the cross-eyed fraik that Oi pasht an the cawrner belyow this mawrnin'. Begorry aff Oi had Oi'd pit a flay in his air that id kick his brains out. Sure an' fwhat was Oi doin' but a flay in his air that id kick his brains out. Sure an' fwhat was Oi doin' but passin' along paiceable an' aisy loike wud me yally shoes an fwhin the cruked eyed moonkey sez. sez he, nidgin an omad haun that shtud besoide him, 'Shtab her ribs,' sez he. 'For fwhy?' sez th' other fellow. 'Bekase she's got yally favver in her feet,' sez me laddy buck that was lukin' two ways for Soonday. Oi lishten'd to know fwhat more they had to say an' Oi shtud there wud me yes riveted an thim, but they sed no nan to say an 'Oi shtud there wud me eyes riveted an thim, but they sed no more but shnaiked away. Oi'd yally favver them aff they'd dar'd to say another wurrud, an' be all that's holy. Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi'll lick th' uverlashtin' loife out av somebody yet an the head av these yally shoes. Moind that now, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"



Mr. Clint. Ross (recently betrothed Who's my 'ittle dumpling?"

Mr. Ross-"Who's your 'ittle dump ling?"
Miss Skate —"Oo is."



Mr. Stubbles-"I couldn't hold old Enoch no longer, friends, He had

The Condition of Ireland.

Toronto News: Irish papers report revived trade and signs of general pros-perity, such as Ireland hasn't known for many years, and whether it is true or not, this state of affairs is attributed or not, this state of anairs is attributed to the resolute attitude of the Governmet in suppressing outrages and bringing the country under the operation of the law. The people who were once in terror of the League so that they would not pay anything but League calls are now honestly settling their debts, paying their rents and industriously pursuing peaceful ways, satisfied that they will be protected by the Government from the high handed will of the League, to which, in the days of its power, they were little better than slaves. The "Bloody Balfour" may have faults, but he has certainly reduced Ireland to order, and that would be a herculean task for any man. The occupation of the agitator is now nearly gone, there are no revolutionary speeches, and the makers of the last ones are meditating is jail, the poor upon whom the agitation fell with almost crushing weight are benefitting by the altered condition of things, and suffering is not so great. The struggle against British oppression. the resolute attitude of the Govern

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Matien's Curse. Princes of God's Loyal Family Slain by Rum.

The Ren T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

cay to a vast congregation. Taxing for his text "Who slew all these?"—II. Kings, x., 10—he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness, the Nation's Curse." He said:

"I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace the heads are thrown into the heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the king comes out and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate he cries out with a ringing emphasis: "Who slew all these?" lew all these?"
We have, my friends, lived to see a

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistises about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that 50,000 more mea are slain or 50,000 less men are slain seems to make no positive impression on are slain or 50,000 less men are slain seems to make no positive impression on the public men. Suffice it to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gute of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the stain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong frink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the side-board, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference or this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the tor-

ment, Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my breth-ren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but whea I if they would let us alone; but whea I have in my pocket now four requests saying, "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping mul-titudes away from Christ and heaven I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. d used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. I is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, mea laughed, women sneared; but I hancen du he ke women sneared was a sneared which was a sneared who women sneared was a men sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up-stairs. I heard him shout-ing, hooting and blaspheming. He had ing, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street. reeling, the comedy is all gone and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heart. breaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunk-

ard. Alas for his home! One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until tomorrow outdirt get a drint until tolling in inght unless I had all my fingers cut off I would say: 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now." I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was

exhorted about his evil habit said: 'Uncle, I can't give it up."
"If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon and I knew that you would lire it off just as I came up and took the glass I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christlan death, but there is no hope for me now: there is no escape for me, Dead, but not buried, I cape for me, Deau, but not buried, am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was, I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction, beating against the care un-til there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go farther and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness.

Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in re-formatory institutions. Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the formatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on ancremental days? Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored wors and the dishonored merament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as bell. He knows there is. He is there now!

He is there now!

I go on, and may that the insbrinte suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Hewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, is which he showed the effects of alcohole.

stings with every poison and pur him with every torture. What recrawl over his creeping limbe! Sends stand by his misnight pi What groans tear his ear! What he shiver through his soul! Talk a rack, talk of the inquisition, talk of tuneral pyre, talk of the crushing gernaut—be feels them all at Have you ever been in the ward hospital where these insbriate dying, the steach of their wounding back the attendants, their sounding through the night! The er comes up and says, "Hush, n still. Stop making all this noise! it is effectual only for a moment, soon as the keeper is gone they it is effectual only for a moment, for a soon as the keeper is gone they begin again; "Oh, God! oh, God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they off me! Oh, God!" And then they had and they rave and they pluck out off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek and they rave and they pluck out their hair by handfuls and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan and they shriek and they blasmheme and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the deviis out of me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals; aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you sheet and I tall last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happywhen he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities today little children barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt streets of our cities today little children barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches today, and as well clud as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is that the incuriate suffers

and that is that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal 5 cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No. one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch-bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives, cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhaustive, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grogshop and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wice. that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroy-ed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoif it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! sha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum!" In the fugure world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God thet will will be the absence of God that will lieve that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the ab-sence of holiness; I think it will be absence of holiness; I think it will be absence of strong drink. Oh, "look not
upon the wine when it is red, when it
moveth itself aright in the cup, for at
the last it biteth like a serpent and it
stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one

thing personal, for I do not like a ser-mon that has no personalities in it. Per-haps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the vic-tims of strong drink that while I declare that there was a point beyond which, a man could not stop, I want to telk you that while a man can not stop in his. you that while a man can not stop in his own strength the Lord God, by his grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul but his body, and recenstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God he will help you by his grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are

I have looked off upon the desolation.

Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and judging from ordinary circumstances there is not one chance in 5,000 that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that is they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards graves: and as to their souls, it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it, Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As you open the door of your wine closet today, may be that decanter flush out upon you "Beware!" And when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top in white letters let there be spelled out to your soul "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open and 10,000,000 drunkards come up to get their doon I want you to bear witness that I today, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out